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This Book is given away to Dealers in Medicines, for the use of their customers waiting at the counters, and not to be taken away. Every picture is a true Photographic View in the grounds surrounding our Laboratory and Residence at Woodbury, N. J., U. S. A.

HOME
OF
August Flower and German Syrup

PRESENTED TO
OUR CUSTOMERS

G. G. GREEN,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

1889.

"SLIPEASY. Why, shrew me, Motherwit, what's here!
Whence came these buildings—royal palaces,
These lacing lawns and waters—Paradise,
This air of comfort, well content, good favor,
This much prosperity? Sure, thou wert born
Under a lucky star!

"MOTHERWIT. God save you, sir,
Words more at variance with the truth of things
Ne'er slipt the leashes of thy tongue than those.
There is no luck, whether of good or bad;
For luck is what a man will make of life,
Of time, endowment, present circumstance.
Luck is the man, the man the luck. And so,
These things came not by chance, but were possessed
By foresight, thrift, skill, honest wares and dealing,
Sending the world what it did mostly need,
And for good money giving money's worth."

—*Old Play.*



BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM LABORATORY TOWER.

TO THE DRUGGIST AND DEALER.

"Here's to your health and your family's good health; may you live long and prosper!" Nothing would do us more good than to meet you all around one big jovial table and pledge you Rip Van Winkle's toast with a three times three. But we abandon this wish with a sigh, and stretching a hand across the page say to you everywhere—shake! We are deeply conscious of our indebtedness to your good will and loyalty in the past, and, as a slight expression of our regard, have sent you this album, only hoping that you may derive as much pleasure in the receiving as we do in the offering. The subjects of the illustrations are taken from the home and history of the August Flower and German Syrup—our common bond of interest. Look them over yourself, read the articles at your leisure, and place the volume where your customers can see it. 'Twill while away the tedium of many a long wait for a prescription, turn their minds from the cares at home into pleasant paths, give them a clearer idea of the immense business of the August Flower and German Syrup, teach them some vital truths, and start many from the slough of misery on the road to robust health.



FRONT ENTRANCE TO RESIDENCE.

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OUR WAY.

What you find in this album is true. You can rely upon it. The reading is true. The pictures are true. Undertrue rather than overtrue. The latter are photo-engravings; and a photograph, while it may flatter other faces, will not flatter Mother Nature's. She will not sit for her picture—will Mistress Nature. Her beauty is too rare, her glances too wandering, her moods too changing, to brook the bonds of the photographer. Level your lenses as you may, you will not catch her graces, smiles, and dimples. The dainty coloring, the soft atmospheric touch, the rich-toned shade, the fleecy overcast, the pulse and beauty of life, are gone. So do not think the home of German Syrup and August Flower less beautiful than you see it. Your imagination must seize what is here and transfigure it before it can approach the actual. And the buildings. Here are no stretched fronts, padded wings, false stories, multiplied windows, and fairy smoke-stacks. No dummy freight, dummy wagons, dummy railroads, dummy people, dummy rush. These things are very common, but they are not here. The camera does not lie. So we want you to take this book and feel as you turn the pages, that you are looking honest landscape, honest houses, honest business, honest medicine, in the face.



NORTH DRIVE, FRONT OF RESIDENCE.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP.

TWELVE GOOD OBLONG FACTS IN ITS FAVOR.

Boschee's German Syrup is a remedy for the relief of all troubles of the throat and lungs.

One of its most potent factors is a Tar of peculiar and wonderful curative properties.

It has been tried for every kind of disease from a common cough to Consumption.

It is based on the prescription of a famous old German physician and professor—Dr. Boschee.

These are developed by special processes in our Laboratory and are our exclusive secret.

Its use and reputation have been left entirely in the hands of the public themselves.

It contains many drugs and combinations unknown to the general practice of medicine.

It has been sold for twenty-five years and treated hundreds of thousands of cases.

It is more recommended and prescribed by druggists and doctors than any other medicine.

The process of manufacture has been greatly improved by us and valuable ingredients added.

It is found in every quarter of the Globe and used by men, women and children.

From the severest tests it has come triumphant and to-day leads all pulmonary specifics.



TELFORD ROAD, FROM LABORATORY.

PRESIDENT CHAUVEAU ON CONSUMPTION.

"In Consumption the only agents to hope much from are Good Air and Tar."

—*Dr. Chauveau.* Who is Dr. Chauveau? He is a French Physician and *savant*. He is the man who determined conclusively that Consumption is contagious. He is one of the three co-discoverers of the consumptive germ. He is acknowledged to be the great specialist in lung diseases. He is the father of all modern ideas concerning the dreaded complaint and its cure. Lastly, he is President of the International Tuberculosis Congress that held its first session in Paris last summer, and in the words of the New York *Herald*, "marked a new departure in medical science." Five hundred doctors met there for a week and discussed tuberculosis, especially consumption, and to quote the *Herald* again, "on all leading points they were practically unanimous." So Dr. Chauveau is somebody, and speaks with authority. The great importance of all this to Americans is two fold. First, the Congress considered the climate of America as peculiarly adapted to consumptives. Not a State but has large areas laved with the dry, bracing, oxygenized,—*good air*, of which Dr. Chauveau speaks. Second, in America is manufactured by far the best preparation of Tar in the world—Boschee's German Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry. The proprietor preceded Dr. Chauveau twenty-five years in advocating tar for phthisis, and during that time hundreds of thousands have used the Syrup, to a complete restoration to health. Try our plan.

Boschee's German Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry contains the finest Tar, in the happiest combination.



GLEN WALK, TOWARDS THE LAKE.

ACTION IN CONSUMPTION.

In consumption and lung troubles August Flower should accompany German Syrup. They supplement each other, and only half of the possible good results are had by using them singly. Pulmonary diseases have two distinct phases—constitutional degeneration, and local rupture, waste, and suppuration. The body must be rebuilt, and stored with fuel; the lung wounds must be healed; and, lastly, by a mighty rally and charge, disease must be thrown off. This our two remedies will do. They lessen the cough. Ease the expectoration. Soothe the air-tract. Check the tendency to hemorrhage. Heal lesions in the lungs. Enlarge the chest expansion. Calm the hectic fever. Banish the night sweats. Increase the appetite. Assure the digestion. Promote the nervous energy. Give a feeling of comfort, ease, and well-being. Lead to quiet sleep. Make the respiration pleasant and natural. Strengthen the voice. Improve the quality and color of the blood. Check diarrhœa. Sustain mental exertion. Give a healthy glow to the face. Stop retrograde metamorphosis. Build new tissue. Increase bodily weight. Stimulate the secretions to a healthy flow. Produce animal heat. Relieve the pains of sickness and confinement. Help greatly the important manufacture of fat. Rapidly store and increase the strength. Are tonic in their effects. Prompt in action. Harmless, tried, attested, sure.



SOUTH DRIVE AND GEORGE'S SUMMIT.

SMOKERS, ATTENTION!

Two pages of history. The first, in the United States. The ink is hardly dry, and the lines still wet with a nation's tears. A great soldier, a noble citizen. Twice President of his country. Hale and strong at life's meridian. Then suddenly stricken, pale, suffering, speechless. A mysterious throat-disease that baffles physicians. Tenderly carried, in hope, from city to mountain—without avail. The slow death eats and spreads till it claims the conqueror. Grant was an inveterate smoker. A second page, still later. The closing lines—not even finished: This time in Germany. The heir of an Emperor, born to a magnificent heritage. A Goliath in stature and strength. An intrepid battle spirit; a tender, magnanimous heart. The centre of eyes and admiration when he rode with the Princes at Victoria's Jubilee. The hope of German liberty. Frederick the Noble—monarch of a day. He, too, suddenly smitten in his prime with mysterious throat trouble, that defies the doctors and kills him after months of torment. He, too, a constant user of tobacco. Smokers of America—cigarette, cigar, pipe! What mean all these increasing throat ailments? Inferior catarrh, soreness, dryness, pricking, huskiness, broken voices? It means tobacco; and as you grow older, complications, cancer, or something as bad, and an awful death. You won't give up tobacco! Then take an antidote. The only thing sold in America for smoker's throats, to soothe the membrane, counteract the nicotine effects, and restore the natural secretions is the world-famous Boschee's German Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry. It has met with unparalleled success in this, and is in demand everywhere.



FROM THE FALLS.

HAY FEVER

Is the popular fad now-a-days. It is cheap and fashionable, easily made up, showy, comes in all sizes, will wash and not fade, wears everlastingly, and can be laid away over winter without getting moth-eaten or musty. It is an indisputable mark of brains and good breeding; and as a sesame to good society, is more potent than a \$10,000 cook, a Munkacsy picture, or an accent acquired in Boston. Its owner gets a box seat the whole season, and in the International game of matrimony his daughters knock a coronet every time they come to the bat. But to be serious. The people least in conceit with Hay Fever are those who have it. It is painful, often dangerous, and always disagreeable. To these real sufferers we have a word to say. Avoid, for a time, the locality of the irritating plant-pollen; and bring back the nose membrane to a healthy condition. Good blood alone does this; and good blood is made by August Flower. The system will, then, permanently shake off the disease. The local irritation can be eased by taking frequent sips of German Syrup and holding them in the back of the mouth. A little on the tip of a feather, inserted in the nostrils, well rubbed around, and snuffed back, will also do much good. This treatment will settle a case of Hay Fever every time.



VIEW FROM GREEN AVENUE.

THE WAY TO READ ADVERTISEMENTS.

To read advertisements, profitably, has become a fine art ; but few take the trouble to cultivate it. There is such obvious advantage in it, though, that we venture to make a few remarks on the subject. A broad, safe principle to begin on is to challenge with common-sense everything that is told you. In advertisements, as on the streets, rogues and honest men touch jackets. Give large advertisers the preference. That is, if they be regular and persistent. A large spread once or twice only—then silence, generally means a scheme that is to be worked once, gull the public, and quit. But constant, heavy advertising, in various forms, must have a backbone of dollars somewhere, and shows in most cases a growing public patronage and confidence. Beware of the advertiser who blows. Steer clear of goods suspiciously cheap. You can't get an article that will work crochet, make boy's pants, mow hay, and kill bed-bugs, for ten cents, so don't try. Save your money on a thing with a big, high-sounding, nonsensical name. Decent, honest business doesn't trade in such clothes. In short, take the plain, straightforward statements in respectable garb, that keep at it year after year, such as those of Green's August Flower and Boschee's German Syrup. You will, then, never go far wrong or regret the time when you were led to make the first purchase.



CABINET MANTEL IN RESIDENCE.

THE CAMPAIGNER.

A word to you Mr. Campaigner. No matter what you are—Democrat, Republican, Prohibition, Labor, Lockwood,—a word to you, we say. A campaign over, hotter, fiercer, bitterer, than any since 1860. The issues absorbed your time, your money, your brains. But it's all over, and you want to gather up the scattered lines. Hold on! An Inauguration came in March, didn't there? "Yes. That was the result of the election." Certainly, and there are other results bound to come, too. What did you do? Things that you would have thrashed your boy for doing. You put on a flimsy uniform, and, with no overcoat, marched all night in the rain, and cold, and bitter weather, inhaling red fire and kerosene. Sometimes it was mud and slush ankle deep. You stood on windy corners, sat in the draught, breathed poisoned, crowded air. You argued, you bawled, you yelled, you caught cold, you broke your voice, you played the big fool. Now what? Why, tens of thousands of you have sown seeds of disease that will put you under ground before next election, or make you miserable sick men for life. Look out! We've warned you. Do you want it? Do your families want it? Then be advised. Get rid of those symptoms, slight as yet, by taking a thorough course of Boschee's German Syrup of Tar and Wild Cherry, that snatches men right from the brink of the grave.



TO THE LANDING.

BULLETINS FROM THE SICK ROOM.

No room for many long testimonials. So we take a few from the crowd and let them tell their story in a line. All used Boschee's German Syrup.

CONSUMPTION.—“*Believed there was no remedy for me—Tried Boschee's German Syrup.—Found relief—By a continuance was cured.*”—F. Neibaur, Dongola, Ill.

PNEUMONIA.—“*The best doctors did me no good—One bottle cured me sound and well.*”—Albert G. Hartley, Hudson, N. C.

SPASMODIC ASTHMA.—“*Was greatly afflicted—Effected a permanent cure.*”—J. H. Sewell, Printer, Independence, Kansas.

BRONCHITIS.—“*Could not sleep—Half a 75-cent bottle gave complete relief.*”—Guillaume Thibault, St. Rochs, Quebec.

CROUP.—“*Gave it to my children—Miraculous effects.*”—Ed. L. Willits, Dry Goods Dealer, Alma, Neb.

INFLAMED THROAT.—“*It performed an absolute cure.*”—J. T. Kerby, Albion Hotel, Montreal, Canada.

COUGHS AND COLDS.—“*Can conscientiously recommend it as a first-class cough remedy.*”—W. D. Whitted, M. D., Hendersonville, Md.

FAMILY MEDICINE.—“*Would not be without it in the house for anything.*”—Mrs. H. E. McComber, Newport News, Va.

GREAT PAIN.—“*Great agony in coughing—Tried Boschee's German Syrup—Inside 24 hours could cough without pain—In a few days was completely cured.*”—L. A. Hall, Bethel, Me.



VIEW FROM THE WEST VERANDA.

CATARRH.

This is a short talk to six millions of people in North America who are suffering from this disease. These figures are not fanciful, but compiled from reliable sources. What is Catarrh? An inflammation of the lining of the nose. There are several kinds. The commonest is Acute Catarrh, or ordinary cold in the head. Then we have the Chronic stage. This is much worse, and if neglected will run into Fetid or dry Catarrh, one of the vilest diseases known. Its possessor is in constant misery, and obnoxious even to his dearest friends. Many physicians pronounce this stage incurable; yet, we are daily receiving letters from those who have been completely restored by pursuing our common-sense course. First, put the affected parts in a healthy condition. The disease can then find no lodging place. To this end, the blood supply must contain the necessary elements of nutrition and be free from impurities. A plain diet, and the systematic use of Green's August Flower, will accomplish this. Next, confine the disease to the nose. The neighboring organs are sympathetic and the inflammation spreads, assisted by the noxious secretions dropping back into the mouth and throat. Then follow diseases of the pharynx, larynx, throat, and lungs, such as asthma, bronchitis, and consumption. Boschee's German Syrup will cleanse and soothe the back of the mouth and air tract, disarm the inflowing secretions of their dangerous properties, and, assisted by the August Flower, confine the Catarrh to the nose, and speedily and surely work a complete cure.



THE STABLES.

DODGING A COLD.

You don't want a cold. You don't want the unpleasantness it brings. You don't want the dangerous diseases that follow it. Then—don't breathe air so cold that it stings the lining of the air tract. Don't breathe the over hot air that so often fills steam and furnace-heated houses. It devitalizes the mucous membrane, and weakens it for the first disease that comes along. Don't breathe irritating dust, vapors, and gases. Don't let strong winds blow into the nose and overstimulate the linings. Don't, when perspiring, sit where it's cool, and expose yourself to the consequent chill and depression. Don't sit in draughts which strike one part of the body only, and unduly cool it. Don't neglect your clothing and its proper distribution. Don't muffle the neck. Don't wear heavy unventilated hats. Don't put on thin shoes, and stay with wet feet. Don't forget to have Boschee's German Syrup in the house. After breaking any of the above rules, don't fail to take a dose or two, even before any symptoms show. A cold and you will then be strangers.



SPRING AT THE STONE BRIDGE.

CURING A COLD.

Mark Twain has a comic story on the subject. This is not it. But, while not so funny, it has what is, after all, worth more—some good, solid chunks of advice that you will do well to remember. We will suppose that you have an ordinary attack of cold in the head, sore throat, coughing, or hoarseness. We will also suppose that it has run long enough to really hurt and make you anxious to get rid of it. People are such fools with colds, that it is useless to talk to them till they reach this point. Well, you must stay in a room comfortably warm. If you will lie down and keep covered, so much the better. But if you are one of the know-it-all “lords of creation,” you will not, of course, submit to this. Eat unstimulating food, and keep the bowels free and the body up to the health point with August Flower. If the throat is sore, suck ice or bathe it with ice water. A little lemon or other mild astringent in the water will help. Avoid talking and singing—ladies please take notice. Blow the nose, cough, and spit, as little as possible. Take Boschee's German Syrup as prescribed on the bottle. In sore throat, gargle the Syrup often in small quantities.



POINT ON LAKE WALK.

THESE PICTURES, THIRTY-TWO!

Of course you will want to know something about them. They unfold to you the beauties of our home, our private grounds, and place of business. These occupy about twenty-five acres in the pleasant city of Woodbury, N. J., eight miles from Philadelphia. The park stretches along in front of the railroad station, one square from the Court House and the centre of the town. Past its borders daily, during the season, roll the tens of thousands who go down to Atlantic City, Cape May, and the sea. Before 1873 the place was a stubborn, rugged, confused cornfield and wilderness, the despair alike of the farmer and contractor. Then the present proprietor purchased it, and by a judicious expenditure and the assistance of competent architects and landscape gardeners, sought not to reform Nature, but rather to assist her in her ways. The buildings you see herein pictured were built, and, from a ragged, twisted, rock-tormented, cantankerous farm, was made one of the most charming sylvan retreats, with arbor-crowned knolls, leafy shade, sloping lawns, winding paths, tinkling streams, splashing waterfalls, and an unending transformation of green seclusion into fairy-like surprise. No fence or partition of any kind separates the Laboratory from the Residence, while a telephonic connection binds every part of the estate as completely as if all were under one roof. Adjacent are the Glass Works. The enormous demand for the August Flower and German Syrup, and a desire for a superior grade of bottles, in keeping with the rest of our efforts, led us to erect these factories, where all our wares are blown. Thus right here, under our own control and supervision, we unite all the departments of our business, and, from personal knowledge and oversight, are able to recommend our remedies with confidence and assure our customers that things are as we represent them to be.



THE TERRACE.

THE AUGUST FLOWER CATECHISM.

What is Green's August Flower? It is a medicine.

What is it for? Dyspepsia and all its consequences.

Is it any good? It undoubtedly is.

How is this proved? By the best of methods—trial.

Have many tried it? Millions.

Who are they? Rich and poor; high and low.

Where do they live? Everywhere on the round world.

When did they do this? During the last quarter-century.

What were the results? General and wonderful cures.

How can you tell? By daily mails full of testimonials.

Is it still sold? Yes, more than ever.

Where can I get it? Right in this store.

Have people in this place used it? Many of them.

Did it help them? Indeed, it did.

Is it expensive? No, a golden mean—seventy-five cents.

How much do I get? An honest bottle, generous and full.

Is this all true? Ask the proprietor; his word is enough.

Well, supposing I get a bottle? That's right. It won't be the last. Another good friend made. But space is short and we must hurry. Turn the next page, please.



A CORNER IN DR. GREEN'S PRIVATE ROOM AT RESIDENCE.

THE FATAL FLOWER.

Visitors to Niagara Falls are shown the spot where, a few years ago, a young girl met a cruel death. A beautiful flower swung lightly in the summer airs from a dangerous ledge, that scared right out above the dizzy gulfs, while far below leapt the wild surges of the awful cataract. She reached to pluck the blossom. She has it! No! An inch more! She strains, slips, clutches wildly, slips, slips, and with a shriek sweeps through the tangled mist and sunlight to the cruel rocks and hungry waters. How like our fate. Dyspepsia, as a remorseless, all-devouring abyss, margins every life. Fairy blooms, enticing the unwary, hover upon its treacherous marge. Strong as Niagara's rocky ribs the constitution seems. Tempting, trying, venturing, men go, led by lust and appetite. The ground already trembles with the impending doom. Another cluster for life's Bacchanalian wreath; one step, yet another, a dip, a backward grasp for life, a cry of terror, then vacancy and silence—save for the sobs of those who mourn. How foolish! A little less indulgence, a little less hurry, a little more rest, a little more recreation, a little plainer food, with the constant benefit of the splendid cleansing, regulating, invigorating effects of Green's August Flower on the stomach and the vital organs, would have saved it all, and lengthened a life to a hale old age.



THE SPRING.

CATHARINE KUTT.

Dr. Schmidt, of Darpat, has published some interesting experiments made on Catharine Kutt, an Esthonian peasant. Her age was thirty-five; her weight, 118 lbs. She had a gastric fistula, or opening, under the left breast, between the cartilages of the ninth and tenth ribs, which led directly into the stomach. Dry peas and a little water were introduced into it of a morning, when it was empty, and the process of digestion watched. The clear, limpid, gastric juice could be plainly seen distilling from the stomach lining, and mingling with the food. The amount was incredible. Even the few peas and water would call forth seven or eight ounces. In twenty-four hours it reached the enormous amount of thirty-one pounds of fluid, over one-quarter of her total weight. And this is not exceptional. The daily average for a man of 140 lbs., is thirty-seven lbs. Fancy all that trickling from the walls of the human stomach in one short day. How important it is! Stop or decrease it—what disastrous results! Yet, with ninety per cent. of Americans, this happens year in and year out. For this is dyspepsia. If the food is not dissolved by the other secretive organs, it ferments, rots. Green's August Flower is designed purposely to stimulate these flagging cells to a healthy flow. It never fails.



OAK TREE SUMMIT.

FROM A SCHOOL TEACHER.

The following case is significant. A teacher's life is a constant confinement and strain, with often unsuitable food and surroundings. So they become dyspeptics—snappish, nervous, clouded. The pupils take advantage of it; they lose their grip and fail. No County Superintendent or successful Principal ever came from the class of confirmed dyspeptics. Remember that, teachers, as you read the letter of Miss C. G. McCLAVE, 752 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y., July, 1888.

"This Spring, while away from home teaching my first country school, I was perfectly wretched with that "human agony," called Dyspepsia. I had been homesick ever since leaving, for it was my first experience, but when suffering with Dyspepsia, I became more homesick and wretched than before. After dieting for two weeks, and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. It was a beautiful June day, but I had suffered dreadfully all day, and, in the evening, when I began using it, was feeling particularly sick and blue. I am delighted to say, however, that August Flower helped me very much indeed; so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition and the horrid, morbid state caused by it.



RUSTIC BRIDGE ON SOUTH DRIVE.

BILL OF FARE.

What will you have--	Clam Soup?	---	---	---	---	No!
	Fried Oysters?	--	--	--	--	No!
	Beef Steak?	--	--	--	--	No!
	Corned Beef and Cabbage?				--	No!
	Roast Turkey?		--	--	--	No!
	Apple Dumplings?		--	--	--	No!
	Ice Cream and Cake?			--		No!
	Pie?	--	--	--	--	NO!

Then what?---A slice of Bread and a glass of Water. Poor Dyspeptic! You make us sad. No Thanksgiving, no Christmas, no good square meal. Now if you took August Flower a little while you could eat and digest a Fricasseed Mule.

Take August Flower. ----- Eat Anything.



THE LABORATORY.

NINE DISEASES AND NINE CURES.

We said just now that August Flower reached every organ through the stomach. Read the following extracts from recent letters and be convinced. The wonderful remedy was successful in every instance.

DYSPEPSIA.—“*I was almost dead with that terrible disease, but after using several bottles am now a well man.*”—Geo. Yates, Farmer, Corinth, Miss.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—“*Suffered for 17 years. Physicians failed. Tried August Flower and am entirely well.*”—Mrs. Lucetta Yoder, Fleetwood, Pa.

BILIOUSNESS.—“*I have used it for this, with always one result, viz., success.*”—T. R. Carleton, Editor *News*, Beresford, Dak.

EPILIPSY.—“*Effected a remarkable cure for me as the disease was chronic from infancy.*”—Geo. M. Flory, Pub. *Times*, Longton, Kansas.

PILES AND CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.—“*Afforded me rapid and permanent relief.*”—T. V. Blackman, Foreman *Republican*, Eureka, Kansas.

HEADACHE.—“*Had headache in severe spells for fifteen years. Did me more good than all other medicines.*”—Martin Tienken, Riceville, Iowa.

FEMALE TROUBLES.—“*Wife a fearful sufferer. Tried local physicians in vain. August Flower gave grand results.*”—E. H. Chappell, Milford, N. Y.

PALPITATION OF THE HEART.—“*After treatment by home and Boston physicians, my wife found relief in one bottle.*”—L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

KIDNEY DISEASE.—“*Could scarcely dress myself. Took your remedy and in three days felt a new man. Completely cured.*”—Caleb W. Briggs, Locomotive Engineer, Springfield, Mass.



MAIN OFFICE IN LABORATORY.

HAVE YOU?—INDIGESTION.

It is not necessary to tell you a word about the make up of your stomach. It might be a cast iron pot or a grain sack for your purpose. Yet you may be an intelligent, capable doctor of it, all the same, and save many a hard-earned dollar. You need not be acquainted with the laws of physics and mechanics to know when a reaping-machine needs oil. It *hollers* and you know what it wants. So with your stomach and indigestion. We do two things—Tell you when it *hollers* and what to use. You do two things—Read them and get the remedy.

Have you—lost your appetite? Yes.

Have you—Heart palpitation, belching, burning, bad taste? Yes.

Have you—horrible dreams and broken sleep? Yes.

Have you—pain, short breath, dry cough, coated tongue? Yes.

Have you—throbbing temples, headache, heaviness? Yes.

Have you—lost your grip on the world? Yes.

Have you—a desire to hang yourself? Yes.

Have you—Green's August Flower? No.

Then get it, good friend, get it. For you have one of the worst cases of Indigestion on the Continent and you will have to settle it unless you want it to settle you. Now don't get excited. You've lots of chance left and need not suffer from it two days longer, if you will take the one, sure, unfailing cure. Which is A-u-g-u-s-t F-l-o-w-e-r. Can you remember it? "Guess so." Then get it before you leave the store, and begin before the sun goes down.



THE PARK ENCLOSURE.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.

Cleanliness inside and out. Life is a constant activity. The result is a using up of substance and a breaking down of parts. All action makes waste, or tissue for the ash barrel. If this stays in the body it produces uncleanness, fetid breath, unpleasant odors. Eating, especially over-eating, is a prime source of waste. Give the stomach only what it can properly digest; the quantity depends upon the person. What is not digested or assimilated passes into the circulation partly or wholly decayed. Eat not only the proper quantity but the proper kind. Hot cakes, melted butter, baker's bread, sausages, rich gravies, condiments, turkey dressing at Thanksgiving and Christmas, often make a filthy stomach and alimentary canal, and thick, sewer-like blood. Keep the bowels free with coarse bread, ripe fruits, hominy, cracked wheat, and abundant exercise. Keep the skin active by bathing daily, or dashing it with cold water, rubbing briskly with the hands and a rough towel. Give the lungs fresh air. The blood needs lots of oxygen. Feed the kidneys pure water, fluids of fruit, and exercise. Whenever the system flags or clogs, stimulate the secretions, tone up the vital action, assist the digestion and absorption with a dessertspoonful of August Flower, three times a day, increasing the dose and frequency a trifle if the case seems to demand it. This is the sole way for maintaining good health, and, by following it through life, the only foe that the majority need fear will be the gradual dissolution of old age.



WEST FRONT AND LAWN.

“POOR WOMAN!”

“What’s the matter with you, to-day, with your head tied up in a rag?” “Oh, don’t ask me! The same old trouble—Sick Headache. I can’t do any work, so I thought I’d wrap a wet cloth around it, and lie down to see if it would’nt pass away. I declare I have no rest, day nor night. I wish I was dead and out of it!” How many such complaints you constantly hear, from weak, nervous, overworked women, who rarely move outside the front door, have no recreation, take no exercise, but go through the same monotonous round of duties from January to December. The spell comes on—horrible, maddening. The baby cries neglected in the cradle; the children squabble and broil; the breakfast things sit unwashed; the dinner, uncooked; the husband comes home to find the house a Bedlam; while in one room, with the door shut in the vain attempt to keep out the din, the help-mate lies prostrated, sick at heart, and praying to die. And a wet handkerchief and an hour’s rest are to cure it all. As well try to stop a leak in the roof by mopping up the drops on the carpet. The trouble is in the stomach and must be met there. When attacked, take Green’s August Flower, the Royal Remedy, in frequent doses till the bowels move, and your sick headache will soon disappear. Afterwards, whenever the stomach gives the slightest hint of being upset, take August Flower immediately and liberally, before the headache has time to appear. It will shut it off in every instance.



FISHERMAN'S POINT.

HEMORRHOIDS—OR PILES.

The far-reaching effects of August Flower, even were we unaware of them, would soon be made known to us by the testimonials as they come in. It commands the whole food tract from entrance to exit, with the enemies that infest it. The gentleman who writes us now, MR. THOMAS WOOTON, Ogden City, Utah, was cured of the Piles by a seventy-five cent bottle, after spending \$135 on experiments. Think of that you readers with slim purses, who suffer and despair! We have plenty more who tell us the same story.

"For five years I suffered the most excruciating agony through Piles. I expended during that time, \$135 in trying to relieve myself of the horrible malady; but all the medicines, salves, and pills I purchased were of no avail. At last, thank God, I saw your advertisement in one of your magazines. I tried a bottle of August Flower, which completely cured me. I am but a poor working man with a large family; were I differently positioned, I would certainly show my gratitude practically. There is one thing I will do, sir—bear faithful testimony to every person I meet, hoping, by so doing, to extend the sale of your most valuable August Flower and be the means of saving some, perhaps, from years of suffering."



FROM PEPPERMINT HILL.

VACATION DAYS

Will soon be here again for the weary body, the overworked brain. These are wonderful times, cheap times. The Old World and the Historic Past in six day's sail. The charming landscapes of the East; the broad blue lakes and dancing waters of the North; the luxurious, sunny South; the swelling prairie and Aladdin-like West; the soaring slopes of the rockies; the imperial Yosemite and Yellowstone; Arcadian California; Spanish-tinted, summer-haunted Florida; anywhere, everywhere, in the homeland for a few dollars. The wildwood and water for the sportsman and naturalist. Roads, streams, lakes, for the athlete. Hotels on the mountain and by the sea for the social soul. Quiet unfrequented nooks where the roses may be wooed again to pallid cheeks. No reasonable pleasure but may be easily enjoyed. On one condition—Health. Vacations bring excitement; irregular hours; strange and, often, badly cooked dishes; indulgence; dissipation. There is change of water. Hard water, soft water; warm water, ice water; soda water, mineral water; good water, bad water; lots of water, no water; all calculated to upset the system. The stomach will not work, the liver goes back on you, the bowels run riot, the holiday is spoiled. Green's August Flower carried in the valise and taken in small doses will brace the system against the derangements of these changes of habits and climate, make it easy to digest and assimilate strange or inferior food, kill the germs and absolutely nullify all the deadly diarrhoea and fever-breeding effects of bad water, and permit the enjoyment of a vacation unalloyed.



GLEN WALK, EAST OF RESIDENCE.

CAN'T EAT PIE.

“ Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy !”

So sang Tom Hood, and so sing we. Cheery, whistling, merry-go-round of days ! We could run without winding, jump without strangling, sleep without dreaming, and eat pie. Oh, the dainty layers of creamy custard ; the toothsome lumps of apple ; the red glowing lips of the huckleberry ; the insinuating graces of the aristocratic peach ; the glorious quarter-sections of the golden, spice-crowned, democratic pumpkin ; and the winey Oriental fragrance of the portly Thanksgiving mince ! Oh, the crisp crinkled edges and buttery undercrust ! How we sampled the raw material with our fingers ! How we hung around the oven to catch a heavenly whiff ! How we passed our plate up for a third helping, and crept down cellar between times to grab a stay-stomach ! And, now, we can't eat pie. It blossoms in its season as fresh, odorous, lovable as ever ! But not for us. We can't stand it. What fudge ! To think that a mature, strong, fully-developed stomach can't digest as well as a young, tender, growing one. Nonsense, we say. It's out of trim and wants fixing. August Flower is the thing—tried and trusted. Take a little. 'Twill make you a boy again, with a boy's health, a boy's spirits, and a boy's ability to handle pie.



CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

THE MAGIC ISLE.

There's a magical isle on the river of time,
Where the softest of airs are playing ;
There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses staying.

They are strangers to suffering, sorrow, and woe,
In this beautiful land of Health ;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are laughing children with cheeks aglow,
There are happiness, peace, and wealth.

If the glorious secret ye fain would know,
In its heart is a fairy bower ;
Where a fountain springs, and the pilgrims go
To drink new life from its ceaseless flow,
And the name of it's August Flower.



THE LAKE.

FROM THE TRADE.

It is one thing to have the favor of the public ; another to have that of the druggists. When you have both the evidence is irresistible. The trade is composed of educated men who know the worth of an article, and its sale. Their position is strictly impartial and when we find them recommending or writing testimonials it is significant. We make a few extracts below from our business mail. Hardly a letter but contains some pleasant word.

Parker and Hart, Gerlaw, Ill.—“*We are having a splendid trade on Boschee's German Syrup and Green's August Flower.*”

H. R. Trollinger, Homeworth, O.—“*The only patent medicines I know of that sell without advertising and give full satisfaction.*”

Justin W. McEachren, Manufacturing and Dispensing Chemist, Ottawa, Can.—“*Handled August Flower six years—Acquired such faith in it as to unhesitatingly recommend it to my customers for Indigestion and Liver trouble.*”

W. H. Fuller, Skowhegan, Me.—“*August Flower has the largest sale with me of any remedy of the kind and I unhesitatingly say it is the best.*”

H. M. Bishop, Barrytown, N. Y.—“*I sell Boschee's German Syrup under a guarantee to give satisfaction.*”

B. S. Gardiner, Clerk with J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas.—“*I always recommend German Syrup to anyone needing a Cough Syrup—Never use any other myself—Think it is the best in the trade.*”



DR. GREEN'S PRIVATE CAR.

A MIGHTY MARCH.

The last half-century has seen an evolution in advertising. Once, a rudely carved figure or a painted sign was all the information the business man vouchsafed the public. Then he moved, and his announcements appeared in the daily newspaper, crude, quaint, and unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians. But progress soon stepped to a livelier and sometimes more objectionable tune. Dodgers flew around; posters went up; and, at last, the lettered swarm covered the country fences, scaled the barns and bridges, and alighted everywhere. The mails were attacked. Through them went circulars, pamphlets, price lists, and all manner of things for promoting business. The papers blossomed out with pictures and more attractive reading and typography. In all that was desirable and best of this we have led—with many an imitator but never a rival. Besides a continual bombardment through the newspapers we have issued hundreds of millions of costly signs, books, cards, almanacs, and other specialties, increasing ever in value and beauty, until they culminate this year in the world-wide distribution of a free Almanac such as man had never dreamed of, and this book, which you can judge of for yourself. But we had confidence in August Flower and German Syrup; and their enormous sale has fully warranted our policy, has stimulated every branch of legitimate industry, and done incalculable good to the public.



DRAWING ROOM OF PRIVATE CAR.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.

How much we hear of malaria in these later days. Every person seems to have it in some form. Things, too, that were thought to be the result of far different causes. Some are everlastingly complaining of being tired. Others go around gaping and yawning, like pipped chickens. This one has no appetite in the morning for anything but a nip of whiskey. That one lies awake all night and meditates. Here's a tongue furred like a musk rat. There's a stomach that returns every thing promptly you put into it. "My liver is as torpid as a seventeen-year locust," says a poor Rip Van Winkle. "And I'm perspiring all the time," cries another who has forgotten how work feels. Look at this girl with her eyes as dull as a dead fish; and that one moping all day in a wrapper. A whole family down with diarrhœa. This woman, a martyr to neuralgia and nervousness. That one stiff and sore in every joint and bone in her body. These all, and many more, are symptoms of malaria, as deeply graven in the system as a Jerseyman's politics and religion, and about as hard to eradicate. The only remedy we know of, that can be depended on, is Ague Conqueror. We have yet to hear of the first case of malarial poisoning which it has failed to cure after a fair trial.



PROPOSED HOTEL AT ALTADENA, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE QUININE HABIT. .

This story, which we clip from the report of a correspondent to a recent number of the *Druggists' Circular*, will be read with interest by everyone who has ever had anything to do with quinine and its effects. "A few years ago, while clerking in a small town in North Missouri, there "was a young dry-goods merchant located next door to our drug store. He would come in to us "from four to six times daily, walk back to the quinine bottle, with the point of the spatula put "probably two or three grains on his tongue, hand us a nickel, and walk out, without taking any- "thing to allay the bitter taste. This was a daily occurrence during the time that I remained "there—nearly three years. He said he took the quinine because he liked the effects of it; and, "unless he did so, his mind became confused, and he was scarcely able to properly attend to his "business duties." Such instances are not rare. Quinine is a delusion. It suspends, temporizes. It promises and never fulfils. Its power wanes with use. It does not drive malaria from the system. And Green's Ague Conqueror does. For this reason it is supplanting Quinine. It cures where Quinine miserably fails; and never under any circumstances creates a craving, fosters a habit, intensifies old troubles, or brings new ones. Quinine does.



OUR GLASS WORKS.

GREEN'S AGUE CONQUEROR.

Ague Conqueror is a sure cure for all forms of malarial poisoning. It will break any attack of Chills and Fever in a short time, and permanently drive it from the system. It is not necessary for us to name its virtues or sing its praises alone. There are others, more disinterested, who will join us. We propose to say nothing but what they can corroborate; yet, when we are through, you will find the whole ground covered. Now, then,—

WE SAY—It settles malaria. SO SAYS—Prof. A. S. Taylor of Allentown, Ont.

"It drove from my system every vestige of Malaria, from which I had suffered for months."

WE SAY—It breaks Chills and Fever permanently. SO SAYS—W. E. Durkee, Fort Edward, New York.

"Had Fever and Ague—I took two teaspoonfuls and did not have another shock—Went to work next day."

WE SAY—It will cure every time. SO SAYS—S. F. Mears, Mearsville, Virginia.

"Have not known a case of Fever and Ague that has not yielded to it."

WE SAY—It is the best thing for Ague going, and that people know it. SO SAYS—Charles Ver Nooy, Naponach, N. Y.

"I have a rush—It works wonders—That's what knocks."

G. G. GREEN,

Sole Manufacturer of

Boschee's German Syrup, Green's August Flower,
and Green's Ague Conqueror.

Principal Office and Laboratory,

Woodbury, New Jersey.

Branch Laboratory, - - - Toronto, Canada.

